THE

Biſhop or no Biſhop;

OR, THE

Diſappointed Doctor.

Should I deſcribe the tricks of each,
Who in L----- S---ves do cant and preach;
A Volume ſurely it will ſwell,
If half their Vices I ſhould tell;
B----- like foreign Books are rated,
Are never eaſy 'till tranſlated;
All aim at L-----th for when there.
To ſoar more high they muſt forbear,

LONDON:

Printed for *Caveat Proctor*, near *Doctors-Commons*. And Sold by *T. Reynolds* in the *Strand*, and the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

(Price 6 d.)

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May 18, 1911.
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Bishop or no Bishop:

OR, THE

Disappointed Doctor.

Should I, detaile the tricks of each,
Who in L---- S----ves do cant and preach;
A Volume surely it will swell,
If half their Vices I should tell;
B---- like foreign Books are rated,
Are never only all translated;
All aim at L----th for when there.
To soar more high they must forbear,

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THE

BISHOP Or no *BISHOP*, &c.

A Truth there was in times of old,
As ſacred Stories does unfold;
With every earthly Comfort bleſs'd,
Of all he well could wiſh, poſſeſs'd;
In Golden Prebendary thriv'd,
In wanton eaſe, and Paſtime liv'd.
No cure of Souls had he, or care,
No ſervile Drudgery of Pray'r;
But could ſit down to roaſted Capon,
Whilſt Country Curate fed on Bacon;
For plenty, indolence, and Prog,
He ſped as well as MITRED HOG.
Snug every pleaſure could purſue,
Without cenſorious review;
Nay, ſo eſteem'd was this fat FLAMEN,
For ſanctifying work with AMEN;
His pious ſeeming good behaviour,
Entitled him to Royal Favour,
For Annals ſay, he bleſs'd the Meat,
Before his King would deign to eat,

What

What more could a varicious Prieſt,
Implore, deſire, or requeſt.
D'ye ask what more can Prieſts require;
Inſatiable is their deſire,
If much they have, for more they care,
Like unrelenting Death none ſpare.
To former times this truth was known,
With former times compare our own.
Scarce will a Prelate take a SEE,
Without COMMENDAM DEANERY.
Pluralities will ſcarce ſuffice,
The fleecing Prieſt to gormandize.
Mark well the Dean of C ry,
Loaded and burthen'd, yet not weary;
The choiceſt for himſelf he'l carve,
Whilſt Numbers of his Brethren ſtarve;
What various Grants does he engroſs,
Hail Reverend Maſter of St. C------ſs;
The fine cure of C---y is thine,
And --- owns you her divine,
O'er two more Hoſpitals preſide,
Are (to crown all) a Dean beſide;
Your income then 'tis very clear,
Is full three thouſand Pounds a Year.
In vain 'tis call'd a publick Grief,
For Clergymen to want relief.
Of all who moſt theſe objects pinch,
The foremoſt in the Liſt is *L*--h.
If we ſurvey the M--d Bench,
What Comments can we make from thence,
How full of Charity they are,
Their pious Works do well declare.
Y--- among the firſt is nam'd,
For Law and Malice always fam'd,
And led at Ex---m every life,
Witneſs M----n's famous Wife.
Nor his L--p well refuſe,
To take to Bed Miſs Dolly C.
And I-----n's houſe (a diſmal ſtory)
He ſtript of all it's new built glory
Becauſe the owner was a Tory
In CORNWALL dwelt the B 's wife,
And led a private godly Life.

But

But ſince to Heav'n the Lady's got,
Which ſcarce will be his L——p's lot.
If true Religion you would learn,
And tricks of L——t would well diſcern.
From H——y learn who'll teach you more,
Than ever ſcripture did explore,
By him you ſoon will learn to be,
A Creature vers'd in Sophiſtry.
There's C——t P——te moſt will ſay,
Know how his Friends he can betray,
And little loves to Preach or Pray.
There's L—— Letter writ to ſhow,
Some part of Scripture he does know.
The age is wicked he does cry,
Deſpiſing church authority,
Therefore in print I will be pert
And all my faculties exert.
Sh-----k in Senate talks aloud
Not of himſelf a little proud;
And though no children and ſo rich,
To Lambeth Pallace has an itch.
But if the Mitred herd we view,
Let rigid H—e begin the ſhew;
Nor can I call him that great ſcholar,
For Stillingfleet he ne'er read over;
A ſcholar yes, a mere diſciple
Or would not hold preferments triple,
Him for her Biſhop Liſſa calls,
Here we ſalute him D—of P——
If Man, or Hiſtory, can ptoduce,
I'll quit the cauſe like abuſe.
Hundreds are found amongſt this tribe,
Whom vulgar ſouls call dignify'd;
That like the peſtilence appear,
Sweep all away both front and rear.
Should I deſcribe the truth of each,
Who in S----- S----ves do cant and preach,
A volume ſurely it will ſwell,
If half their vices I ſhould tell;
B---- like foreign books are rated,
Are never eaſy till tranſlated;
All aim at L----th for when there,
Too ſoon more high they muſt forbear,

To pleaſe Sir B----- do all they can,
To get the Metropolitan.
His creatures they're 'tis plain to ſee,
By voting ſtiff that no South-Sea,
Inquiry ſhould be made, for why,
If they did once with that comply,
Egregious faults they would deſcry.
But why ſhould I the whole herd mix,
Of all the much fam'd twenty S---
For L----B----p firmly ſtood,
To make inquiry thought it good;
Says that no Courtier he will be,
Nor wiſhes for another See;
And does miſtake the M-----
But why ſhould he ſo ſtand the teſt,
And be more honeſt than the reſt,
Why he ſo pious and demure,
It is a queſtion, I am ſure,
The reaſon which about is given,
So that with B----- he would be even;
For L-----n's ſon a captain made
Did much profeſs the fighting trade
And would have made a roaring blade
But he by very looſe behaviour,
Was quite kickt out of royal favour,
Commiſſion ſoon from him was took,
Which made the captain take his book;
And to his father hied away,
To give him leave to preach and pray,
For tho' he might not trumpet rattle,
He in a pulpit much could prattle;
The proud Father ſon ordains,
Bad him not think of former ſtains,
That Gown and Caſſock all would hide,
And give him dignity beſide;
Believ'd the author of the job,
Was that vile creature maſter B---
Vow'd that he never would forgive
As long as had a day to live;
So that the B----- now is right,
But then its only out of ſpite.
But wither do we wandring ſtray,
Digreſſing from our firſt eſſay;

Yet

Yet this is ſure a happineſs,
'Tis half abſolv'd who does confeſs.
Our prieſt then as the ſtory tells,
A ſecret call within him feels,
A little higher to aſpire,
And give the bleſſing to a choir,
The tempting veſture of lawn-ſleives,
Flatters his hopes that by degrees,
A biſhop he may be ordain'd,
No ſpot he thought his Coat had ſtain'd;
But yet his avoritious will,
Would hold the right of S-----ly ſtill.
Fortune oft deals a ſudden blow,
And keeps the aſpirer ever low;
Thus far'd it with our dapper prieſt,
Who fouly had betray'd his neſt:
For juſt as they were going to dub
Him biſhop, comes an ugly rub,
A caveat lodg'd did cauſe debate,
Whether or no they'd conſecrate,
A catalogue of crimes declare,
He never muſt the mitre wear.
But what can caveats produce,
Oft rais'd by malice to traduce?
Should bare aſſertions ought avail,
Or interrupt a prelates weal?
E'er Montagu the croſcir ſway'd,
In vain the ſame foul trick was play'd;
That Rubs he met with books confeſs,
But ſoon the prelate gain'd redreſs;
Triumphantly he grac'd the Lawn,
And fruitleſs Caveats were withdrawn;
From which example wiſe men learn,
The truth from falſehood to diſcern.
Thus argue the quaint reaſoners,
To obviate what out tale avers;
But he that reads the paragraph,
At ſuch weak diſputants muſt laugh,
Had proceſs been but rightly laid,
The mitre ne'er had grac'd his head;
But as the accuſer was miſtaken,
He gain'd the fee and ſav'd his Bacon.

But here 'tis poſitively ſaid,
The proceſs legally was made;
With atheiſm charg'd the aſpiring pr-----,
And made him worſe than man or beaſt,
With S----m's ſin it charg'd it home,
Which made poor R------ fret and foam;
And conſecration did prevent,
Although the con de lire was ſent.
This fatal rub the prieſt ſurprix'd,
Who thought he had ſo well diſguis'd;
All his enormities, that none,
Was conſcious but himſelf and one.
The wiſeſt he therefore choſe,
To ward againſt theſe coming blows;
No hopes with mitre to be clad,
To be content with what he had;
Which made him on this maxim think,
The more he ſtir'd the more he'd ſtink.
Like parſons ſure we may from hence,
Draw and ſpin out an inference;
Firſt as a rule i'll lay it down,
That in this giddy buſy town;
The C-----y leaſt religion have,
Of all the folks on this ſide grave,
For now the black Coat greedy dons,
Are almoſt like old Eli's Sons,
Keep up the P-----d for a Cloak,
Tho' moſt believe it all a Joke.
Preferments five, nay, ſome down,
While others preach for half a Crown.
At Coffee-Houſe that's nigh St. Paul's,
The meaner P---ns have their calls.
On Saturdays the Papers ply,
Like VVatermen at cleareſt Sky.
Men ply to Preach, and read the Pray'r,
From half a Crown to Guinea fair.
VVhat muſt a Man of this believe,
Or faith would pin on B—— Sleeve,
The Moral Man is ſurely beſt
VVhoſe Conſcience ſtands an upright teſt,
Who Paths of Virtue well has trod,
Honours his KING, and Fears his GOD.

FINIS.